

(CORRESPONDENCE.

PAULPIETERSBURG, Natal, South Africa, Jan. 7th, 1907.

Beloved:—You will have read e're this, the account of our doings on Christmas day, so I need not touch on that.

Yesterday we had another baptism, one woman, the wife of Aloni (Aaron), a very promising young man, and three boys nearly grown up. These with one other united with the church, thus swelling our bers to thirty-three. Not a very large membership but as far as we know they are all walking up to the light and there is not a backslider. They certainly need shepherding and admonishing lest they be drawn away in the snares of the devil.

There were also two little babies brought to be dedicated to the Lord. This is a custom among most missionary societies here and we think it a good thing, as the service is impressive from the one point, viz, impressing the Christian parents the need of teaching their children of God while young and bringing them up for Him. When a believer is baptized he or she takes a new name leaving off the one he was known by when heathen. So also the children are given new names and we tell them these will be their names also after they have grown up or understand enough to know what it means to be converted and can be baptised.

I want to tell you a little about the parents of one of these babies. They are young people married about two years. This young man told his wife he was a christian, would be married by christian rites and she was to be his only wife. Now after so long a time she has found out they were not married as he promised therefore he could take other wives if he wished and had already chosen another. She was deeply disappointed and discouraged as she saw no way to see her cherished hopes realized nor her children given to God in infancy. Poor crushed heart! She asked if we would not come to their home and hold a meeting some Sunday. Accordingly Dr. Sanders and I went over about three weeks ago and had a hut full, crowded as I never saw a native hut before, having over thirty-five people for our congregation. They listened well and seemed to greatly enjoy our coming among them. Now I think this has helped this young father to see the errors of his way for he has since been coming to meetings with his wife as of old, with the result that I have above referred to—the dedication of their one child to God. Oh that he may indeed break away from all sins and get saved!

We held a watch-night service this year for the first time. The night was very calm; scarcely any wind at all, only enough to stir the tall grass and waft in the chirrup of the crickets and the cries of some night birds. It was cloudy but a clear moon rode through the fleecy waves of clouds, reminding one of the billowy ocean. After dark and about time to open service, a small company of christians came up the path to join a few who had gathered earlier. As their young voices rang out in a hymn on the clear night air one could not help but note the change that has been wrought in them in a few short months. Before we came they knew nothing but the heathen songs and choruses, now they have received changed hearts as well as hymns of praise to Jesus who has wrought this great transformation. A very nice little service was held, or rather two services as a short recess was given between, dismissing at midnight and all marched away singing a song. However, not all returned to their homes as quite a few kept up singing till daybreak. This ended our first watch night service.

Many remember I promised to write about the romance of Elizabetha (Elizabeth) but I feel nearly all has been told so I will only tell you the whole affair has been most satisfactorily settled and another girl has been rescued from a life of misery. She will now be at liberty to marry a christian and the man of her choice. Oh that we could help the many others who are in like trouble! But it is a very difficult problem and one which a missionary can seldom help solve.

Our work is steadily increasing, spreading out in all directions from this central station. No better place have we yet seen for a central station and I am believing the day is near when this farm will be missionary property. Last year

at this time our class-book held sixty-four names church members included, this year we have one hundred and twenty-six so you can see it has been doubled. This is most encouraging from a numerical point of view. There are, however, a few who may never get any farther than this but the most of them want to be christians and expect some day to be such.

What do I mean by class-book? We have a mid-week meeting called a class where the believers and seekers and interested ones come for help and to learn of God. A book called the Class Book, holds the names of all church members and every body who say they want to be Christians and intend to come, they are really thus placing themselves before the world as seekers and even this step, small as it seems, is quite an undertaking for many.

The outpost work, though not now so well manned as in the past month on account of so many young men going away to work, is still progressing. I am hoping we may be able to do more in visiting new places than ever this coming winter, from May to September as then 'tis cooler and no rain. Now only a day once in a while is thus spent as storms and the heat of the sun as well as the need of super-intending our garden prevents us.

God is with us and this is the very greatest blessing we could have, but how we do need more of your help and prayers for this dark corner of this lost world! I know some are doing all they possibly can but I grieve to think so many are not measuring up to their high calling in reaching out to save the lost and perishing heathen.

I wish you could all read a piece of poetry in which a missionary's heart was most broken because the dear people kept saying "So much to do at home." It is the way our hearts fell when we realize many of the dear ones think they have enough to do at home so are very little interested in the heathen world. Oh make up, beloved, the time is passing! Soon the work you could do will have either been done by others, already over worked and over crowded or else pass forever beyond your reach. Now a little thought, more prayer, more seeking to know what God would have you do in this matter would reveal the wider opportunities to your vision and would not detract from the necessary and beloved home work.

God has a zealous love for these lost souls and he who put forth his hand to help rescue them will only find he himself has been doubly blessed.

Yours in His service,

E. SANDERS.

PLAYING POOL.

An industrious young shoemaker fell into the habit of spending much time in a saloon near by. One by one his customers began to desert him. When his wife remonstrated with him for so neglecting his work for the saloon he would reply: "Oh, I've just been down playing pool." His little two-years-old boy caught the refrain, and would often ask: "Is you goin' down to play fool, papa?"

Smith tried in vain to correct this word. The child persisted in its own pronunciation, and day by day he asked his father, "Has you been playin' fool, papa?"

This made a deep impression on the shoemaker, as he realized that the question was being answered in the falling off of his customers and growing wants of his household. He resolved again and again to quit the pool table, but weakly allowed the passion of play to hold him a long time. Finally he found himself out of work, out of money, out of flour. Sitting on his bench one afternoon, idle and despondent, he was heard to exclaim: "No work again, today; what I'm to do I don't know."

"Why, papa," prattled the baby, "can't you run down and play fool some more?"

"Oh, hush, you poor child," groaned his father, shame-stricken. "That is just the trouble. Papa has played fool too much already." But he never played it again, and his home became comfortable and happy once more.—Sel.

TEN DAYS.

Christine Lennox had been ill a fortnight.

"I can't see that there's much the matter," she told the doctor. "I believe you are keeping me abed just to make me rest," and she laughed up at him.

The physician was the cheeriest of men, but now he had no smile of response. He had been the girl's friend since her babyhood, and he looked at her tenderly.

"Christine," he said, "I have never lied to you, and I am going to tell you the truth. You are not as well as you think."

Her startled eyes searched his own.

"Do you mean—" she began.

"I mean, my dear child, that all I can do is to make you comfortable for a little while." His eyes were wet.

"How long?" she asked, softly.

"Probably about ten days."

She drew a quick breath. "Do the rest know?"

The physician nodded.

"Poor mother!" she murmured. Then she looked up with a smile. "I thank you for telling me."

Her father sat with her at the noon hour. Her slender fingers nestled in his big warm hand.

"Will you ask Uncle Norman to come up to see me?" she said. "This evening will be a good time."

The man's face darkened. He and his brother had not spoken for five years.

"You'd better send a note."

"I'd rather you'd take the message—please."

"All right. I'll tell him," and the girl felt a tear on her cheek as she stooped to kiss her.

"If only I could see them friends before I go," she whispered to herself.

Her longing was granted. At her bedside the barrier of years was broken down and the two were brothers again.

Christine's favorite cousin was at college. He was not making the best of himself and friends were anxious. A note from her brought him home for a parting visit.

"Theodoric, do you know the meaning of your name?" she asked.

"No. Something I'm not, I presume."

"Something you can be," the gentle voice replied. "It is 'powerful among the people' and I think it is beautiful. Only one cannot be that you know unless one is master of himself, and it is true to the best, to the highest. I wish you'd think about it when I'm away."

The boy did think, and he became a power for good among his fellows.

So full were those ten days! Through the influence of the dying girl two estranged lovers were united, a home was provided for a destitute cripple, a church contention was resolved into harmony, and a despairing woman found peace and joy. Besides this there were uncounted deeds of love that lived in many hearts after the doer of them had passed from sight.

Ten days. They are waiting just ahead. One by one they will come into the grasp of all of us. Shall they be filled with frivolities or blessed by deeds of love and Christian service? Shall those days which are to be dedicated to God be only the last ten days of life, or shall they be the next ten day, and every ten that follow them?—Youth's Companion.

AN HONEST BOY.

There was a lad in Ireland who was put to work in a linen factory. While he was at work there a piece of cloth was to be sent out which was short of the length it ought to have been, but the master thought it might be made a little longer by stretching. He thereupon unrolled the cloth, taking one end of it himself and the boy the other. He then said, "Pull, Adam, pull." The boy said, "I can't." "Why not?" asked the master. "Because it is wrong." And he didn't pull. Upon this the master said he would not do for a linen manufacturer. But that boy became Adam Clark, and the strict principle of his youthful days laid the foundation of his future greatness.—Sel.

DO SOMETHING TO STOP IT.

At the national meeting of the Woman's Christian Union Philadelphia, one of the members told the story of an unhappy mother, a wealthy woman, who wished to send a message to her son, in prison. Said the speaker:

"She handed me a picture, and told me to show it to him."

I said, "This is not your picture!"

"Yes," she said, "that is mine before he went to prison; and here is one taken after I had had five years of waiting for Charley."

"I went with those two pictures to the

prison. I called at an inopportune time. He was in the dark cell. The keeper said he had been in there twenty-four hours; but, in answer to my pleadings, he went down into that dark cell and announced a lady from his mother. There was no reply.

"Let me step in," I said.

"There was just a single plank from one end to the other, and that was all the furniture; and there the boy from Yale College sat."

"Said I, 'Charley, I am a stranger to you, but I have come from your mother; and I shall have to go back and tell her that you did not want to hear from her.'"

"Don't mention my mother's name here," he said. "I will do anything if you will go." As he walked along the cell, I noticed that he reeled.

"Said I, 'What is the matter?'"

He said he hadn't eaten anything in twenty-four hours.

They brought him something, and I sat down by him and held the tin plate on which was some course, brown bread without any butter, and, I think, a tin cup of coffee. By and by, as we talked, I pressed into his hand his mother's picture; and he looked at it and said:

"That is my mother. I always said she was the handsomest woman in the world."

"He pressed it and held it in his hands, and I slipped the other picture over it."

"Who is that?" he asked.

"That is your mother."

"That my mother?"

"Yes; that is the mother of the boy I found in a dark cell, after she had been waiting five years to see him."

"O God, he cried, 'I have done it! No, it is the liquor traffic that has done it! Why don't you do something to stop it?'"

—Christian Mirror.

NOT SO FAST.

"Oh, mamma," cried Blanche, "I heard such a tale about Edith! I did not think she could be so naughty. One—"

"My dear," said her mother, "before you tell it we will see if your story will pass three sieves."

"What does that mean, mamma?"

"I will explain it. In the first place, let me ask you about your story. Is it true?"

"I suppose so. I had it from Miss White, and she is a great friend of Edith's."

"And does she show her friendship by telling tales of her? In the next place, though you can prove it to be true, is it kind?"

"I did not mean to be unkind, but I am afraid it was."

"And is it necessary?"

"No, of course, mamma; there was no need of mentioning it at all."

"Always ask these three questions first when you are tempted to tell something about others. They are good sieves."—Selected.

LOVE'S SPELL.

"Grace you may spell love," were teacher's next words. Grace didn't stop to give the letters, but ran and threw her arms about the teacher's neck giving her a kiss on the cheek. "We spell love that way at our house," said she.

How the girls laughed at this queer way of spelling.

"That is a beautiful way," said the teacher, "but do you know another way?"

"Oh, yes," said little Grace. "I spell love this way," and she began putting the books in order on teacher's desk. "I spell love by helping everybody when they need me."

"That's the best way of all to spell love and now we will have it as the books spell it." Then all the class said together, "love, love."

TO HAVE, GIVE.

Imagine a rose that would say to itself: "I cannot afford to give away all my beauty and sweetness. I must keep it for myself. I will roll up my petals and withhold my fragrance."

But behold!

The moment the rose tries to store up its treasure of color and fragrance, to withhold them from others, they vanish.

The fragrance and colors do not exist in the unopened bud.

It is only when the rose begins to open itself, to give out its sweetness, its life, to others that its beauty and fragrance are developed.

So selfishness defeats its own ends.

He who refuses to give himself for others, who closes the petals of his charity and withholds the fragrance of his sympathy and love, finds that he loses the very thing he tries to keep.

The very springs of his manhood dry up.

His finer nature becomes atrophied.

He grows deaf to the cries of help from his fellowmen.

Tears that never are shed for others' woes turn to stinging acids in his own heart.

Refuse to open your purse, and soon you cannot open your sympathy.

Refuse to give and soon you will cease to enjoy that which you have.

Refuse to love, and you lose the power to be loved.

Withold your affections, and they become petrified, your sympathies die from disuse, and you become a mortal paralytic.

But the moment you open wider the door of your life and, like the rose, send out without stint your fragrance and beauty upon every passerby, you let the sunshine into your own soul.—Selected.

JOHN FLOWMAN'S PROVERBS.

"Never judge a horse," says John Ploughman, "by its harness, nor a woman by her dress. When you have a good name, keep it. Wait a little that you may be done the sooner. It pays badly to pay badly. He that trusteth in his own heart is a fool. Play, out do not play the fool. Fame is not found on feather beds. Depart from them that depart from God. Spend less than you get, that you go not in debt. Neither shoot without aim nor speak without thinking. The fear of man bringeth a snare. When the mistress sleeps the servant creeps. Too late to spare when all is spent. Don't fly if you have no feathers. God's gentleness makes his saints great and grateful. Be not honey abroad and wormwood at home. Every word of God is pure. Pray David's prayer if you would sing David's song. Keep your hook always baited. More than we use is more than we want. Fair words butter no parsnips. Where vice comes vengeance follows. Your shoe will not fit everybody. Give me neither poverty nor riches. Use temporal things, but prize eternal things. He who pleased everybody died before he was born. He who never drinks will never be drunk. Where sin dines sorrow sups. A bad reaper blames the sickle."—Charles H. Spurgeon.

THE HOLY CITY.

Last night I lay a-sleeping;
There came a dream so fair;
I stood in old Jerusalem,
Beside the temple there;
I heard the children singing,
And ever as they sang,
Methought the voice of angels
From heav'n in answer rang.

Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
Lift up your gates and sing,
Hosanna in the highest!
Hosanna to your king!

And then methought my dream was changed;

The streets no longer rang;
Hush'd were the glad hosannas
The little children sang;
The sun grew dark with mystery,
The morn was cold and chill,
As the shadow of a cross arose
Upon a lonely hill.

And once again the scene was chang'd;

New earth there seem'd to be,
I saw the Holy City
Beside this tideless sea;
The light of God was on its streets,
The gates were open wide,
And all who would might enter,
And no one was denied.

No need of moon or stars by night.

Or sun to shine by day,
It was the new Jerusalem
That would not pass away,
Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
Sing for the night is o'er!
Hosanna in the highest!
Hosanna for evermore!—Anon.

FIVE LITTLE FOXES.

Among my tender vines I spy
A little fox named By and By.

Then set upon him quick, I say,
The swift young hunter Right Away.

Around each tender vine I plant,
I find a little fox I Can't.

Then, fast as ever hunter ran,
Chase him with bold and brave I Can.

No Use in Trying—lags and whines
This fox among my tender vines.

Then drive him low, and drive him high,
With this good hunter named I'll Try.

Among the vines in my small lot
Creeps in the young fox I Forgot.

Then hunt him out and to his pen
With I Will Not Forget Again.

A little fox is hidden there
Among my vines named I Don't Care.

Then let I'm Sorry, hunter true,
Chase him afar from vines and you.

—Exchange.